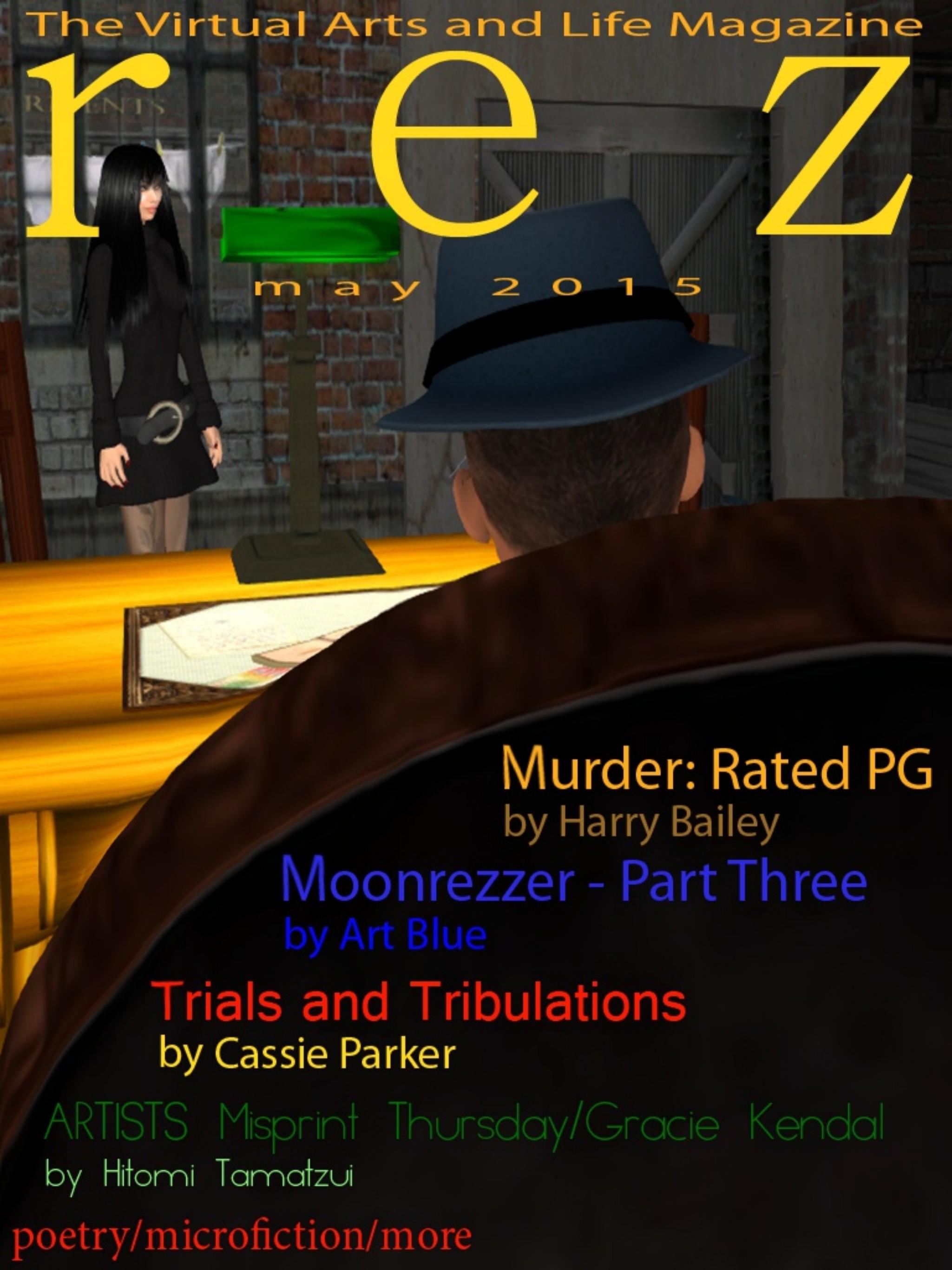


The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# ReZ

may 2015



**Murder: Rated PG**  
by Harry Bailey

**Moonrezzer - Part Three**  
by Art Blue

**Trials and Tribulations**  
by Cassie Parker

**ARTISTS** Misprint Thursday/Gracie Kendal  
by Hitomi Tamatzui

**poetry/microfiction/more**

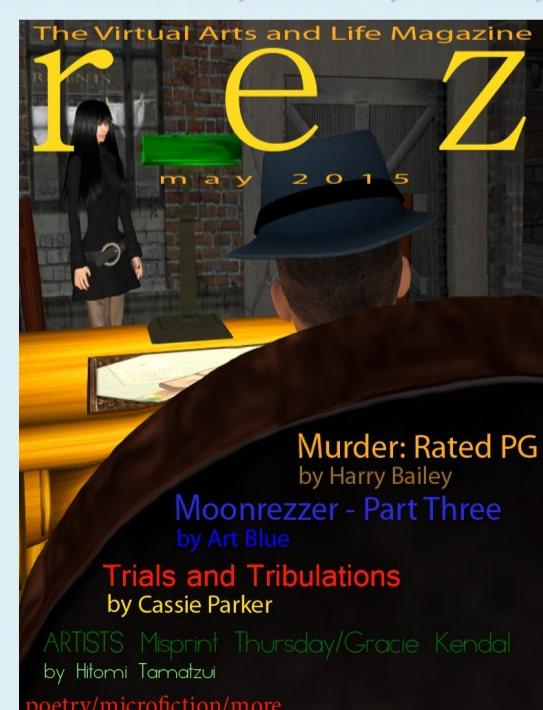
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read *rez Magazine* online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Murder: Rated PG** The Perfect Gentleman channels Philip Marlowe and is asked to solve a crime most heinous, one that takes place entirely within Second Life. Good luck, Harry.
- **Moonrezzer (Part Three): The Soulrezzer Recreates You** Art Blue and his trusted AI, Nerusval, bring to an astonishing conclusion their three-part rumination on what the Future has in store for us. We know the present involves an exciting opening this month on LEA14. Good luck, Art.
- **LEA Artists/Times Two** Hitomi Tamatzui keeps finding the best that SL has to offer. This time, two extraordinary artists, Misprint Thursday and Gracie Kendal, get Hitomi's royal treatment.
- **Trials and Tribulations** *rez Magazine* welcomes the prodigious talents of our newest voice, Cassie Parker, who muses about theatrical productions in both SL and RL.
- **Kissing Booth** Crap Mariner want to know what the big deal is about bacon.
- **Picasso in the Cloudy Afternoon** Thank you, Zymony.

## About the Cover:

Harry Bailey, with his able-bodied assistant and Girl Friday, Friday Blaisdale, are captured here in their natural environment: the stuffy offices of private dick Harry Bailey (aka The Perfect Gentleman). Amazing what these two are capable of ...





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Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed

effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

## Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



photography/ziki questi  
art direction/jami mills .r-e-z.  
production/art blue

“I was never very good at making hand puppets as a child. Oh, I could make an alligator, but who couldn’t? So I was struck with the dexterity with which Bryn’s circus Man/Rabbit was able to make such a cute bunny. It must be in his DNA.” Jami Mills

may



## The Singularity of Kumiko

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
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“There was an illegal gene circus Man/Rabbit hybrid making shadow puppets on the wall while little ones watched. I sat with them a while and petted a pretty brown one who climbed on my lap.”





MURDER: RATED PG

BY HARRY BAILEY  
(AKA THE PERFECT GENE)



(PART ONE)

GENTLEMAN)

I was sitting at my desk, freezing my butt off, nursing my hangover, listening to *Martini in the Morning* in this icebox called an office, waiting for something to happen. While across SL, lots of chums know of my night-time street persona, The Perfect Gentleman - or PG for short - few even think about where the funds come from to support that lifestyle of tuxedos and groupies. Trust me, they don't come on the cheap, and I hoped some work would saunter in, and soon.

My ears noted a familiar creak on the hall stair treads. I came to full attention, slipping open my desk drawer with the .38 inside (revolver, not bust-line), loaded and at the ready. The shadow behind the frosted glass of my office door showed two shapes, a solid female of worthwhile proportions and a guy in a trench coat and worn out hat. I waited for the knock on the glass barrier ... "Harry Bailey, SL Noir - private dick for hire." No knock came but the door burst open to reveal the shapely babe and the guy in that hat. It was gonna be one of those days, and probably one that didn't pay well.

"Harry, you gotta help us!" came the exclamation from the babe. "Somebody whacked an avatar last night at our club during the event, and if this gets out it will ruin our already questionable reputation," said her companion. I slid a couple of the old wooden chairs I

keep in the office for just this sort of trouble, and hit the call button for my Girl Friday to get her backside in here to listen to this story and take a few notes in case we decided to take the case.

As Friday slid quietly into her desk behind this pair, I looked them up and down and told them to give it to me from the top, slowly. The looker glanced over at Mr. Fedora and batted her lashes for him to start talking. Good thing, 'cause my patience was running low and I wanted some answers. I could tell Friday was as lost as I, sitting there with her steno pad and those long legs crossed; the seam up the back of her hose accented nicely as she began tapping the toe of her black BAX on the tile floor impatiently.

"Well, it's like this," began Fedora. "Every Friday night we hold a very private and exclusive invitation-only party at my club, the Crystal Rose. Last night was no exception, and as always the place was packed. The theme was "best hidden" and everyone was told to hide their names and come in masks." At this point the blond added her two cents to the tale. "We wanted everyone to be uninhibited and have a really good time ... this is SL after all."

I looked them over, as Friday's eyes rolled. Looking Fedora in the eye, I growled, "Let's get to the point already.



So you had a party. It was some sort of kink-fest apparently, and for some reason you feel that you need my services this morning. I think I got the basics, now what the hell happened?"

"We found a DEAD BODY!" screeched the blond, nearly making Friday jump out of her swivel chair. The statement

hung in the air, the silence broken only by the strains of Seal's *Istanbul Is Not Constantinople* playing in the background, the smoke from my Havana filling the air. A dead body. This just got interesting - - and expensive if this pair has any Lindens to cover my daily rate, plus expenses.

Fedora began the tale in a bit more detail. "Last night, as people were leaving after the final song, *Love Shack*, we were cleaning up and counting tips and wondering how many people had attended." Blondie cut in, "I counted 36 during the last dance but Fedora counted 35. We usually never disagree but it was a huge crowd, and the next to last dance was Bananaphone, and it is hard to keep track when everyone is wearing banana skins."

Fedora continued, "I was glancing over at the planter as she told me her count, and then I saw the dead body. A female avatar we had seen once or twice before but didn't know much about. Her mask was half off and her clothes were quite disheveled. I checked her body and

*Magazine.*"

I heard the springs of Friday's swivel chair snap to attention as she sensed Lindens coming our way. Seemed like a good idea to me as well. "And what makes you think this was a murder and not simply a SL glitch?" I asked, while my mind went into overdrive at the potential for a massive expense per-diem.

Reaching into her designer handbag, my new client, and possible best friend until the Lindens run out, pulled out a black sultry ankle boot. I quickly noted the blood splatter on the heel. "We found this stabbed into her heart, Mr. Bailey. Please, can you help us?" Those baby blues bored right through my better sense.

**Forcing myself to break eye contact, I cleared my throat, took a pull on the Havana, leaned back in my chair, and took the case.**

found her SL ID, Goody Twoshoes." He tossed the wallet on my desk like it was red hot and he was happy to be rid of it. "We want nothing about this to be connected to the Crystal Rose and we absolutely don't want any "official" investigation that might bring in the Lindens. We are also willing to pay whatever it takes to make this to go away and keep all the details out of *rez*

Forcing myself to break eye contact, I cleared my throat, took a pull on the Havana, leaned back in my chair, and took the case. A thousand Lindens a day plus expenses of L\$500. L\$25,000 on account up front to get started. Friday made out the receipt and stashed the dough in our vintage black safe, left over from some old Chicago gangster

speakeasy. Blondie and Fedora left, leaving their contact information.

"Now what, Noir?" said Friday. She always knows how to get my attention and get to the point of the matter. Now what exactly? I considered the issues common to the loss of any life, virtual or not. "Friday, there are three common motives for any murder and this one is no exception: Murders for money or in this case Linden\$, murders of passion, such as envy or jealousy, or murders revolving around sex, most commonly adultery. Suppose we begin by just getting the facts, ma'am."

"Suppose you work the murder weapon, whose was it, where was it purchased, who bought it, and how did our victim come to be... umm... 'wearing it?'" I'll see what I can dig up on the background of our deceased, Ms. Twoshoes. With that, I stuck a spare Havana in my pocket, downloaded our victim's profile and headed over to the SL Medical Examiner's Office, to see what they could tell me about the body. I wasn't optimistic. I certainly hoped "Skinny" Shapes, the Medical Examiner, could find something in that body to give us a clue.

While it was only an instant for a teleport over to the lab, I needed time to think, and Skinny needed time to chop and paste over the body. I hopped into

my vintage 1958 Edsel, snarled at my iWatch for Sirius to give me the dope on Goody's profile, while I fought traffic to the forensics lab. I gotta say, I'm in love with that sultry voice crammed into that gadget: "Downloading Goody Twoshoes profile ... SL birth date November 2008, no partner, RL shows as "None of your damned business. I got one. You do too. Let's keep it that way!" Serious about SL, here to earn Linden\$ and grow serious relationships across SL. Picks for Goody Twoshoes, Red House Music Hall, Chicago Sim, GOR, Lar's Place, Orgy Island, Mojo Haven, Crystal Rose Club, RUexchange, Exchange Financial Institution, Chamber Society. At that point, Sirius got a bit snippy and showed just how aware and opinionated virtual intelligence was becoming. "Her groups read like every "A"dult-rated sim in SL, spiced up with the high-end clothing spots ... humph!"

Now I am just a simple gumshoe with a PG license, but I could already get a feel for this corpse we had on ice over at the autopsy table. High-end clothes, adult sims and a fetish for the Linden exchanges. Unfortunately, that still did not rule in or out any of our potential motives. As I pulled up at the lab, I glared at the iWatch again and decided to leave Sirius to her snit fit and look up the friends list myself. Now that did provide some solid leads. I messaged Friday with a few of the names off the

profile, and a list of the landmarks for the shopping sims, including the BAX main store. When I got back to the office, Friday and I would start to follow up, but first I had a "cold" call to make.

I pulled up to the door to the ME office and wasted no time getting into Autopsy. Skinny gave me his customary glare from the door when he saw me standing over the body, still fully clothed, complete with that misplaced heel! "Bailey, get your damned potentially contaminating body away from my corpse!" came the familiar growl from the door. I stepped back and in my most pleasant gruffness inquired as to what he had so far. "Not much" was the reply. "But I can tell you this: death was caused by loss of blood from that stab wound. Probably went straight through the heart. The leather jacket contained the blood and no way to tell yet if this was intentional or an accident. Look, I'm not saying it was not murder but most bodies don't fall down on top of the murder weapon, and when I got to the scene to pick up the body, she was face down in that planter on top of the shoe. I'll know more later. Now get out and let me work!"

Before Skinny could teleport me out of his autopsy with those glaring eyes, I hit the road. Time to catch up with Friday.



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*FRIDAY'S NOTEBOOK: I could sense that this was one case that was not going to stand on its own two feet. From experience, I've had nights when my Bax ankle boots were killing me, but not in the literal sense. I hotfooted it over to the Bax main store and as I suspected, they were reluctant to step out of line and*



share any of their customer info with me. Fortunately, these were BAX. So I hiked to the customer service counter of the main store where I encountered Eve, their service exec. I inquired about their boot section, where I stepped into the data I needed. The shoes, new model "Ankle Boots", patent leather black, were sold in 2015 to one Sedona Mills. Not a gift but for her personal inventory shoe

box. Ms. Mills was one of their best customers, having bought over 300 pair of BAX over the years. Sedona was apparently the Imelda Marcos of SL.

I checked my messages as I left and noted the friends and picks list the PG had sent me. There it was under the "M"s ... Sedona Mills was on the list. I decided to head over to one of the casi-



nos and then follow up on the Red House and Mills leads. Not being one to tiptoe around a thorny issue, I messaged Sedona to meet me at the Red House lounge later, as I had a question about shoes and boots. Responding immediately, she let me know she would hotfoot it over and await my arrival. Flash-changing into a LBD (I love SL), I entered the first casino on my list and quickly found a dealer who recognized the profile pic I had of Goody. "Yeah, she's a regular in here," responded the dealer. "She was just in here a couple nights ago, and dropped a bundle!" He continued as he slipped cards from the shoe. "Some nights she wins a bit and some she loses big, but she is never boring and somehow always manages to land on her feet over the long run." I thanked the dealer and

headed over to Red House. Sed was literally bursting out of her boots to "talk shoes" it seemed.

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By the time I got to the Red House Club, Friday was already there talking with Sedona Mills about how her boot had gotten "misplaced" in Ms. Twoshoes' chest. Taking a minute to find and talk with the bartender before I joined them, I learned a lot: "Yeah, Goody was a regular dancer here back a couple years ago before she made enough to start playing the slots as some of those casinos. She made a bundle and was "too good" for us around here, I suppose. I think it got to her half-sister, Jane Dough, though. You could see it in her eyes every time

Goody showed up around here. Jane worked all hours pole dancing, and you could say she worked her butt off. All that dancing and yet she never saved a Linden that I know of. If her dad hadn't owned this place, I doubt she would've lasted as a dancer. He disappeared in an SL crash a couple months back during one of the upgrades. Haven't seen or heard of him since, come to think about it.

"Another thing was all the men. Goody ruled over a stable of guys who dreamed of getting their shoes under her bed, if you get my drift. Just last week I had to toss a couple of them out the back when they went at it over her. Come to think of it, I heard one yell, "If I can't have her, ain't no one gonna have her. I'll kill her first!" Anyway, too bad she's gone. Gonna miss that Cinderella princess."

cussion with Friday once we got back to the office and could talk. Then I sauntered over to join Friday and Ms. Mills at a corner table. Pulling up a chair, I tried to catch up with the conversation. Sedona was saying, "Well, I hardly knew Goody. Sure, our paths had crossed a few times at Mojo and a few of the other clubs. As to what she was doing ... ummm... "wearing" my best boots, well that is quite beyond me to comprehend. I don't share my inventory with anybody, and I certainly don't go around losing BAX boots! The only way someone could have gotten me out of those is on a dare. Yeah, I admit it. I've been known to shed the occasional article of clothing on a dare. Hmmmm ... as I recall there were a couple of dancers there last Friday night egging me on so I might have slipped out of those spikes ... Ok, Ok, I'll admit I have been known to be seen

**If her dad hadn't owned this place, I doubt she would've lasted as a dancer. He disappeared in an SL crash a couple of months back during one of the upgrades.**

I asked the bartender to send Jane Dough over to our table if he saw her come in, and filed all that data for dis-

on Friday nights less than fully clothed from time to time ... Sorry, I just can't recall."



Making eye contact with Sedona, Friday asked the critical question: "Did you attack Twoshoes, or know anyone who might have done this?" Ms. Mills did not waver at all as I watched her reaction to the pointed question. "Like I said, I didn't have anything to do with that kinky Twoshoes, and while there were banana peels everywhere, all I can remember is that sea of slippery peels pulsing across that dance floor! Now if you two don't mind, I have other places to be, and these feet are made for walking!" With that, she left us cooling our heels and headed out the Red House door.

Friday and I figured we had all we were going to get here, and since there was still no sign of Jane Dough, we decided to head back to the office and lay out what slim facts we had. At this point we had a sky-high heel murder, but

were flat-footed on the facts. Once Friday and I got back to the office, the SL sun had moved to Midnight and we sat under the yellow light of the desk lamp and organized our thoughts.

\*\*\*\*\*

We had a dead avatar, most probably spiked through the heart with one of Sedona Mills' black patent leather BAX heels, although the ME had not yet ruled out accidental death for some reason (?)

We had two sisters, one alive and one in the morgue - - both exotic dancers, with not a lot of sisterly love lost between them apparently, and both with a love of expensive shoes.

We had a missing father not seen in months who owned the club where the

sisters danced and who therefore controlled their primary source of Lindens.

It appeared our victim had a serious gambling habit combined with a love of Lindens supported with "Exotic" behaviors.

We had a posse of jealous lovers, at least one of which had said "If I can't have her, ain't no one gonna have her. I'll kill her first!"

Due to all those damned banana peels,

two sets of prints on it, our victim's and Sedona Mills'.

Most importantly of all, we had L\$25,000 in the bank, whether we solved this case or not! More if we could manage to drag it out for a couple of months.

At this point, there could be no doubt at all that solving this case was gonna take a least a month and hike up the bill to the tune of a marathon of Lindens! I suspect we will know more



so far we had no reliable eye witnesses to our crime and not even a reliable list of who was at the dance just prior to the death.

We had a murder weapon with only

on this next month. Until then, remember in SL it's always about the shoes -- and keep yours ON!

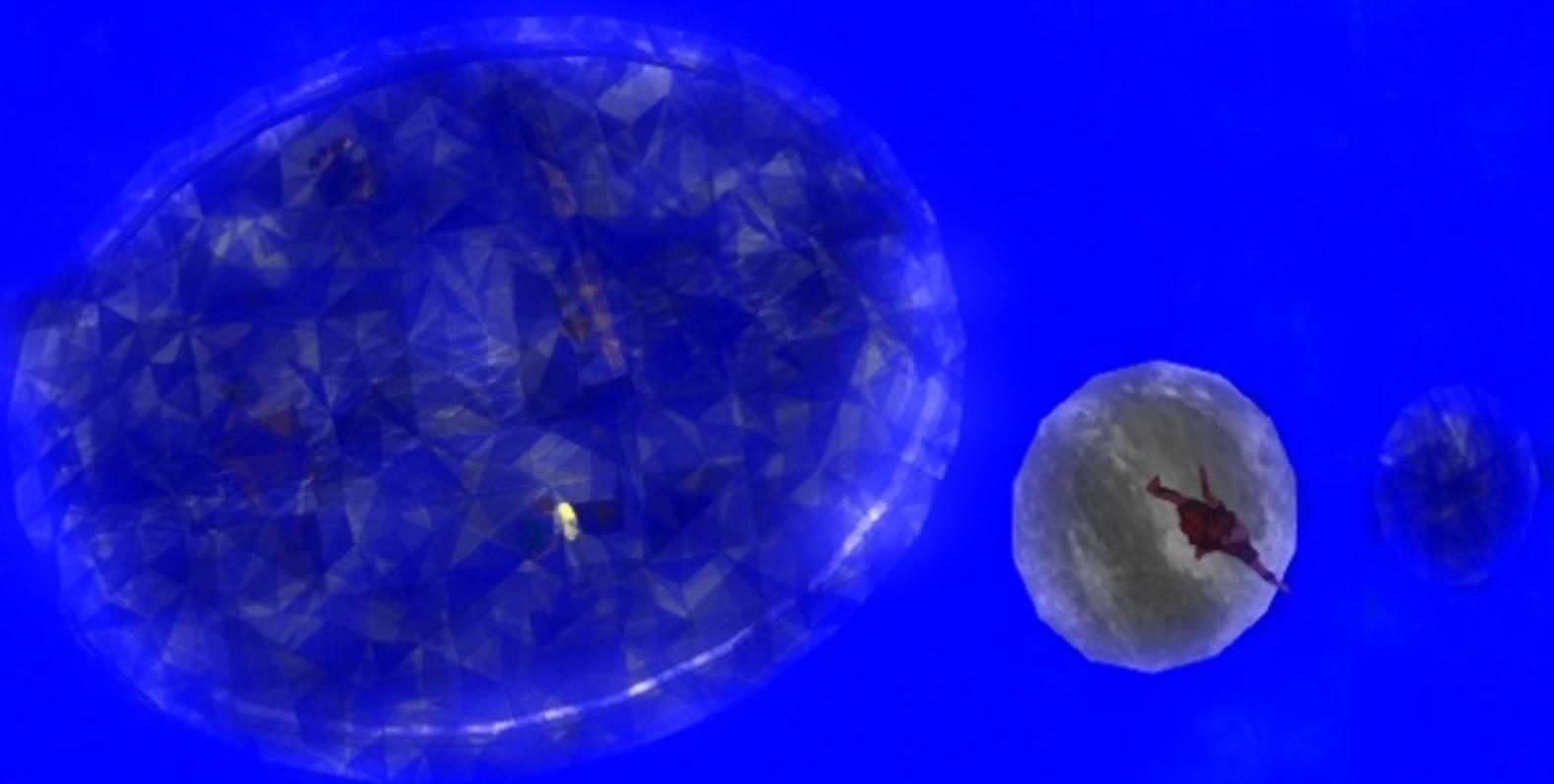
(... to be continued)

• r — e — z •

photography  
jamie mills



# Moonrezzer F The SOULREZZER

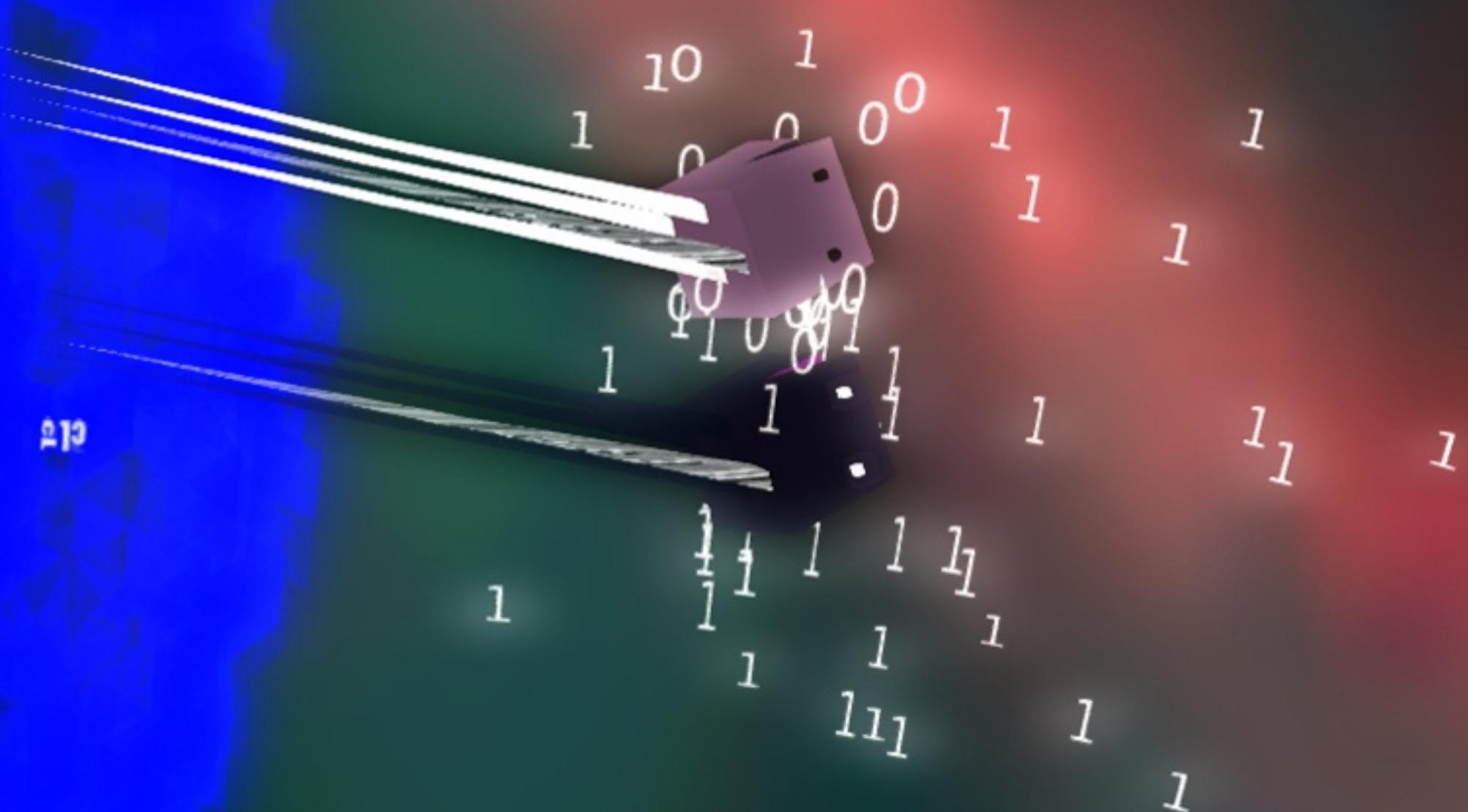


γνῶθι σεαυτόν gnōthi seautón

# Part Three

## R Recreates You

### by Art Blue



All the art on The Moon would become meaningless if you are unable to enjoy it in your future. Why is this so? The art on The Moon is of a special kind. There is still no good name for it. There never is when a new form of art is born. Later, names, classifications and words will arise, like "This primset looks similar to *The Rabbicorn*, an early work of Bryn Oh," and questions like "Is this really a codeart of Neo Prim? It looks so completely different." Answers like "No, it is made by the Still Not Known One" will give room for talks, endless talks, in the simulator.

For now, we are stuck with the term "user created content" [UCC]. So UCC it shall be. All art on The Moon is UCC. You are a user and UCC was made by you for you. My intention is to give you the chance to enjoy UCC forever, to walk and zoom inside the 3D environment where it was created. You need an avatar steered by mouse and keyboard. The result will be interactive immersive. That's why I call this form of art IMMERSIVIA. I don't care for the type of users of the future in their body suits with mesh wire sensors, where their actions and emotes bring direct feedback with suit embedded vibrations - - where they stimulate



their muscles with electric signals in lieu of exercising. You may have seen the movie *Avatar* [by James Cameron, 2009], which focused public attention on the idea of transferring the human mind into an artificial body. You may not know that in the movie *World on a Wire* [by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, 1973, re-mastered in 2010, shown at Berlinale in 2010, at MoMa in 2012, and on Turner Classic Movies since 2014], avatars felt life in them and therefore feared being deleted. They were called Identity-Units. It's quite fascinating that we now call them UUIDs - universally unique identifiers. Look at the still picture of 1973 where Fred Stiller (aka Klaus Löwitsch) enters the virtual world. You may smile at the phone that was state of the art at this time in telecommunication. Data from the human brain was supposed to go via phone-modems into the computer providing the home for the Identity-Units.

In 30 years, let's say 2047 (so I might have a chance to follow), the SOULREZZER will take us to the stars - shortlink <http://is.gd/starsinthesky> . At this time, when the vision of *World on a Wire* has become a reality, there shall be others to care about art made in the upcoming past. I am an archivist. I care for you. I do the conservation raw and pure for all the UCC here and now. So I want to archive you, you the user, as well. I'm not talking about a

mindscan. I have to admit I'm too late to claim credit for the concept of mind-scanning - - bringing it to a working picture. The credit goes instead to Robert J. Sawyer, who wrote the novel *Mindscan* in 2005, a must-read book about virtual life and death. You'll find an upload of a human mind into a machine, all packed in a love story and a law suit. There are others as well to credit in the field of informatics, who wrote about Digital Immortality by a personality capture [Gordon Bell and Jim Gray, 2010 - shortlink <http://is.gd/dig imm> ]

My job is to let the user, your avatar, achieve immortality - - a life full of your thoughts, your dreams, your attitudes, your values. I don't do mind-scans, as this is old news. I do Avatar scans. I get your character written in stone - - in modern terminology, engraved in bits and bytes, the way your character is meant to be there. You might say I conserve your soul. Your followers may activate this soul and let you stroll around, visiting art on The Moon, invite you to talk shows where you are asked as a contemporary witness how things have been in the time when the MOONREZZER was built as one of the last showings of UCC made in prim and sculpts, and when the first SOULREZZER was launched. And finally, I give the bravest of you the chance to face the SOULTAKER, which is the modern version of the Oracle of

Delphi, a Fractal Oracle. There the *Dark Side of The Moon* gift by Tuty's waits for you to shield your face from being burned by the *Annoying Light*, which is for the regular readers of *rez* known as the most famous light in the Draft Universe.

## SOULREZZER

To rez your current avatar soul in the future, it needs an input, to capture your soul let's say. Virtual worlds where UCC is made look as if it were meant for such a purpose. These realms are for chat-based role play activities [RP-worlds]. You write, you type. All the dialogue with other players goes via keyboard. Even the emotes. Let me give you an example. You play a fierce forest woman with a bow and a spear to hunt in the woods for food for you and yours sisters. Then a hunter comes and wants your prey or even hunts you as his prey. So a dialogue might be:

Huntress hears a loud crack and stops moving, silently drawing her bow. On high alert, she sees a male hunter stepping out from the darkness of the woods into a glade. She makes the sound of an owl, a sequence known to her sisters to warn them of an intruder.

The hunter shouts "I know you are there. This is your hunting ground. You can't fool me by the sounds of a forest owl. I stand in the light. I want to trade

with you."

The huntress growls as she approaches the man, muttering with her grimy face a short "Cal," and pointing at his bow. "Drop it! You are on my land."

The hunter replies, "I will drop my bow, but my sword I keep in hand, the weapon of the warrior. I am Callimachus of Woodlands," and after a short pause, he says, "I stand in the light."

The huntress has to admit to herself that this man knows the tales of Calyptica, of the first meeting of a forest woman with a warrior, she can no longer shoot him in his ass, as bravery exists in all roles, even those of the hated males. So she says, "Aye. I am Red, Tor of the Sa Ta Ko tribe. What you want, man?"

The hunter simply replies, "I have salt."

Such role play may last for hours and build up a whole world of content. This time not of prims and sculptures. After a while, you see the soul of the player behind the avatar. After about 10 years of work in such realms, I can assure you that each player has a way of expressing himself or herself in a unique way that can't be camouflaged for long. I am a trainer for the Ned Herrmann Brain Dominance Instrument and questions of personal thinking preferences have

guided me for now over 30 years. I personally prefer the term biodominance, which I introduced in 1988 for cybernetic team building processes - <http://biodominance.com>. An AI in the future may easily get a clear enough picture out of the conserved chat dialogues to create a copy of the character that, as said, will reflect parts of the player. Technology will in some years be sufficiently advanced to create a machine intelligence and place it directly inside a NPC, a Non Playing Character. There isn't a name yet for this lifeform. Maybe it will be called a frozen avatar. As I used the catchword NPC, a personal experience shall follow.

lady replied, "Nice to meet you, Art. All gone?" And I said: "Sorry. I meant you are still here showing your works. Well met, Lady. How may I address you?" With an emoticon, the lady smiled and said: "I am Carry, Carry McBains. I'll happily give you a tour. Unluckily, I am on my mobile right now and can't move my body, but I can still point out what is of interest." It took me about half an hour until I got it: I was speaking with software the whole time. Her last steps were really good as I asked her, "Are you an NPC?" She laughed and said, "I am as real as you, Art." So quite a time passed and I was getting the hots, noticing this lady is fun and I

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## I can speak DaDa with her (the language of Kurt Schwitters). I said "Rakete, Rakete" and she said, "Rinnzekete."

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### NPC IN AN ART GALLERY

I teleported to VALO, a gallery in SL, and saw a lady there, nicely dressed in black and white in the period of the works on display. As I was very late, I thought that I have missed the Grand Opening ceremony that was posted in the gallery news, so this must be the lingering artist. I said, "Sorry for being so late. How was it? All gone?" The

can speak DaDa with her (the language of Kurt Schwitters). I said "Rakete, Rakete" and she said, "Rinnzekete."

If you don't know the work of Schwitters, one of the fathers of Modern Art, then Google him or look at Wikipedia. Do it by looking at The Moon, as there is a work that comes in the tradition of DaDa on The Moon. It is *Fisch*, made by Moewe Winkler. Her grandfather, Paul Steegemann, was the publisher of

Schwitters work in Hanover in about 1920. The just-mentioned Carry McBains in the gallery was in reality an NPC. She, yes I say she, not it, became the design of the 12 Moonholders. I made a female and a male version for The Moon using the skin I got from Cherry Manga, the designer of Carry McBains.

Cherry is one of the pioneers of 3D in opensim. She works as an artist in Francogrid. Francogrid.org is powered by Association Francogrid in Chaumont, France and the foundation got tax-exempt status granted by pre-

fecture de Saint-Julien-en-Genevois. Donations are happily welcomed. A copy of the MOONREZZER stays after the Linden grant has ended in July 2015 in Francogrid at sim Futurama to be uploaded on demand. I did not claim the name Futurama. Wizard Gynoid, co-founder of the Hypergrid Safari, set the name in place. I told her that the weekly Safari meeting may stop by to watch a performance in my new sim Futurelab in Francogrid, but Wizard posted in Facebook “We are invited to Art Blue’s Futurama,” so I had to rename the sim.



And my owl whispers in my ears, “Be honest. You loved it, as now you can set an intermission. Matt Groening created both the *Simpsons* and *Futurama* and you won the Springfield bet. Time to let the readers know where Springfield is.”

## SPRINGFIELD

In last month’s issue of *rez*, there is a chapter about SPRINGFIELD and it is said that this city is not in the United States, as the position of The Moon does not fit if you look up into the sky. Engineers have given proof that indeed in my server, in my computer, Springfield is somewhere in Europe or Asia, not in the United States. I say my position of Springfield is a correct copy of the location of the home of the *Simpsons*. The *Simpsons* are not Americans! And the bet was about whether I could manage to turn the moon to fit reality or whether Jami Mills, the publisher of *rez Magazine*, would have to admit that Springfield is not in the United States. This gives me two options to win: I turn the earth moon or I show that the beloved *Simpsons* actually live outside the United States. Can virtual worlds change the real world? Or must the Americans rewrite history? For this you have to visit LEA14 and take the challenge to visit the SOULREZZER. The *Simpsons* don’t do it for less than your soul. I am sure you understand.

You have to meet Homer and click on The Moon he holds in his hand to get the truth about Springfield.

## BAINBRIDGE

The SOULREZZER shall get a copy of you, not just based on some of your silly lines of chat you made. The artificial soul shall be based on science, hard science. I use the Bainbridge profile developed in 1996 [Explore: *Self and Year 2100*] by Prof. William Sims Bainbridge, first in total published in 2008 [Explore: *Self, Year 2100, and Emotions*]. The software was for download at verizon.net in the web until September 2014. I made a backup years ago. Recently I contacted Prof. Bainbridge, who is actually director of the National Science Foundation, and I got to my surprise an update that is now published as a part of his book *Personality Capture and Emulation at Springer Science* [2014]. So I have now a state-of-the-art tool to upload your avatar into the SOULREZZER, to rez your soul in the future. All you have to do is to buy the SOULREZZER for 1 Linden and wear it. You send your answer to a question the SOULREZZER prim is asking via chat on channel /42xxx.

You can set the time: each hour a question or randomly or when you idle and wait for a reply in a running RP or ad-hoc. You catch the idea? In role play, especially when it is a para-RP (which

means long emotes), you wait for five to ten minutes for the reply of the other player and in this time you can easily donate a minute to your soul. You may also copy a line of the role play to your soul to keep this conserved for a future use, to make a profile of your character, you might say. So the behaviour of the avatar gets conserved the way you see it. You see yourself role playing. For me, the art reception in digital worlds by avatars is of primary interest. The interpretation of an artwork you stand in front of and give in chat to others might be of great interest in the future, when your avatar is rezzed and shown to be an art lover.

An example of such a chat line that can go to your SOULREZZER on The Moon is the gift of Met Knelstrom. The visitors are talking about the art they see and on a second round, they get to see pictures of themselves and the art they spoke about.

Let me add a line as I just finished reading Williams Sims Bainbridge's new book that I mentioned. He describes his own experience in *World of Warcraft* and in Second Life. He also points out the realms of a personality capture: motion capture, facial expression, speech recognition - - all parts of the personality. What specifically made me smile was his idea of capturing the animations that a user combines, creates or offers to others. He printed in

his book the example of an offer of an animation sequence by the Anglican Cathedral of Second Life:

Cross gesture: Leaning forward slightly, makes the sign of the cross, raising the right hand to the head, moving it straight down to the waist, then to the left and across the chest, ending with the hand over the heart.

You surely know that dancing in SL is one of the main activities mostly embedded in life music performances. Of course, The Moon has a dance platform giving the best light show in SL. Mario2 Helstein, my neighbour at LEA 15, who is presenting *Light Thoughts*, has moved his machine to The Moon so he and his friend Jo Williams will do the after-party.

## THE BODY

I shall find some flowery words about the soul to give the idea an easy go. The SOULREZZER is a fun project of art, not to be taken too seriously or deeply interpreted. It is all experimental as I posted in an iReport at cnn for a software test in opensim: <http://ireport.cnn.com/docs/DOC-1073181> .

Google, VISA, MasterCard, Facebook and Skype know more about you than the SOULREZZER will ever know. Many people enjoy the daily horoscope and I like when my editor claims for

herself to be a fish “that is the wisest of them all, the last in the zodiac, swimming upstream and downstream with the same proficiency.” As an Aquarius, all I can do is smile at the fish and copy and steal her words to print as my own in rez.

Maybe no one’s soul will ever be complete, and may only have a fraction of the user’s avatar, but I like the idea that The Moon and The Soul may in the future rez together and give a better picture than a horoscope could ever hope to do.

Neruval, my AI, protests that he is not mentioned in the future and on top of that, he says I forgot the bodies. The soul is fine to conserve but some might call it just the mind as it is outlined in the novel *Mindscan* by Robert J. Sawyer that I mentioned at the beginning. So soul or mind - - whatever you call it - - you get the fine lines in *Mindscan* to read, but the most important things in virtual worlds nowadays are the bodies, the great looking avatars - - mouth-waterting stuff.

In *Reinventing Ourselves: Contemporary Concepts of Identity in Virtual Worlds* [Springer Science, 2011], the editors Anna Peachey and Mark Childs report that 40% of total revenues in SL are derived from clothing, makeup and style. To look great has become an urge for many users in virtual worlds. In pro-

files you read nowadays blunt words like “I prefer to interact with good looking avatars. This shows you take good care for yourself” and it implies you may value the effort of a good looking person who states such a demand.

I themed this up in 2009 with a project *Prize-winning Art Models are Looking at Art*. So we need the bodies in the SOULREZZER the most. Unluckily, this can’t be demonstrated in Second Life as the server functions for this are not enabled, but they exist. So one has to log in to an opengrid like Metropolis, Craft or Francogrid. At LEA14 in SL, we have to stay with the mind as, sadly, I can’t copy bodies there. There are some exemptions and a workaround. You can rebuild your shape by copying the values of the body design to a note-card and upload it to opensim. You can get a pretty good copy of skins. Some hair might need to be changed. Maybe you’d like to look different after some time and do a makeover on a regular basis. Then up we go with your body copy. The SOULTAKER waits for you! Hard and severe stuff. Only suited for the brave ones.

## **SOULTAKER – THE INVITATION**

Are you brave and accept a challenge which you may never experience again about the truth of your life as an avatar? You have to watch a video in-

world and then later you will step to Solaris. Listen to the words of George Clooney, and Solaris will tell you about the destination of your soul. Hear the song SOULTAKER by Blutengel and get the tunes right. Breathtaking, I promise, but not all of the brave Avatars who face the oracle may get the answer. Technological frontiers are not monolithic. We have to bend some elements, stick them together and so on.

Be assured, the words of the oracle will not be shared with others. Only you see them and you may then say: true or not true. That's all. Face the SOULREZZER

and we'll make believe we can copy you. Your beautiful mind and body will stay for eternity in the simulator. A dream comes true: you stay young forever on The Moon. One thing might be a problem and until now there is no solution: making sure there will be only one follower of you. How many copies of your body will exist and be kept alive? This is a question that is worked out in the book I've mentioned twice, *Mindscan*.

I transformed the crystal ball vision from *World on a Wire* (1973), where Gloria Fromm (aka Barbara Valentin)





reads the future in Simulacron-1 into the virtual world of 2015. For the MOONREZZER, Aurora Mycano made a Fractal Sphere to shield the Springfield Bet from being deciphered without entering the Oracle. It works like the Ancient One from Delphi, but you understand here and now I can't tell the ways.

## METAGAMING

Some may say I want all copies of me to be saved, as I have Alts, meaning I play a few avatars. In role play, to use them might be not be honourable, as the player behind the screen has more than one source to get information out

of the scene or out of one player. Let's assume you play a male musician and a dancing girl. The musician is asked if the girl is single and you not only say yes, but you may add a little more. Or the girl is asked by another girl about the musician. As both running on animation, you don't need to walk and steer both by the keyboard, so after a while, you have acquired quite a lot of information. Now let's say you are in a role play situation and have to handle why the musician knows about the asking person and you can't use it, as it is called Metagaming. It would be cheating. But here comes the art of cheating. You use a NPC as a bridge. At Port Ironhall in SL, you can speak to an

NPC as a trading agent and sell to him and buy from him (with a different avatar) goods of all kinds, like the previously mentioned salt in the role play between the huntress and the warrior. But this works also for humans. Indeed, it is made for this business, the body business. At the end of the MOONREZZER instalment, you shall get a little of a side picture that may lead you back to the title.

### γνῶθι σεαυτόν gnōthi seautón

In a live closing performance at the end of June 2015, I will show you at LEA14 how the old Oracle of Delphi worked in the language of our times, but only for the bravest Avatars who come to one of the Grand Opening performances.

Maybe the Soul exploit shall become a different story I might not write as Art Blue. The Still Not Known One is already knocking at my door. Will the fact of biodomiance hit me and the readers of *rez* smell who is the Man in the Mirror, the one who creates life that is in terms of the Gods of the simulator impossible to create?

In 1973, systems engineer Mark Holm (aka Kurt Raab) reflects his own existence in *World on a Wire*. In 2015, The Still Not Known One follows in his footsteps.



(C) Fassbinder Foundation - 1

### THE POEM

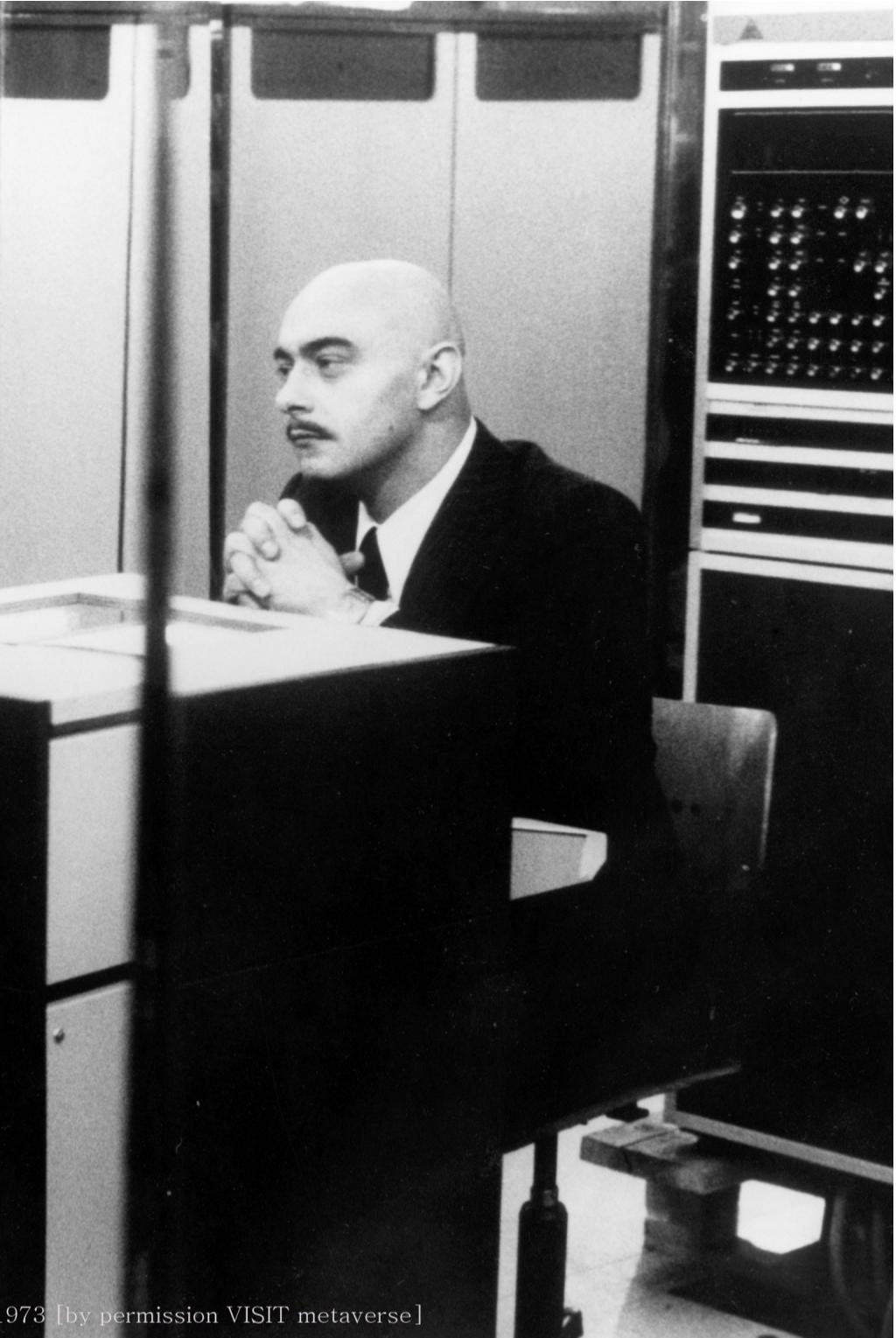
The SOULREZZER sends you immortal words of Solitary Experiments – shortlink <http://is.gd/solitary> brings you to a version in YouTube.

*I am here to protect you from the curse  
of solitude*

*You are safe now nobody's going to hurt  
you anymore*

*I am here to refill the empty in your soul  
Let us fix all your trouble to getting in  
control*

*Nobody knows what heaven holds*



973 [by permission VISIT metaverse]

*I only guide you to this goal  
You have to find your way  
'Cause no one knows the answer  
Don't be afraid heaven will wait  
For all those ones who acted right  
No more tears and pain  
I promise you won't suffer  
I am here to recover all the damage in  
your heart  
You can trust me, nothing's impossible;  
I've watched you from the start  
I am here to relive the sadness in your  
eyes  
Take my hands let's fly together a leap  
into the void*

[SONGTEXT all rights by Solitary Experiments, Immortal]

**Editor's Note:** I have to make an annotation to *rez Magazine* April 2015, The SPRINGFIELD Bet. You're interested in the result? That mouthy owl Neruval said to me one day after printing the April issue that the outcome is already a fact. The winner is Art Blue. Who'd ever suppose that Springfield isn't in the United States? The Moon must have been shifted by these two crazy creatures Art and his owl, or their accomplices.

But it's even worse than that: I must admit, astronomers discovered the anomaly and published *Conspiracy Revealed: The Simpsons Has Been Lying to You* - shortlink at <http://is.gd/moonliar>. The report shows that Springfield isn't where we've all thought it was for the past 26 years. This time Art Blue has as witness: Dr. Phil Plait from the Hubble Space Telescope team [Phil is now a famous blogger]. They all let me look like a loser for all time, but I shall be a good sport. I've given Art one free wish. He's already told me what it is. I have to break a rule I have: never to log in to SL from work, but for the Grand Opening of the MOON-REZZER, I will make an exception. See you on The Moon!

• r — e — z •

AFTER DARK  
Lounge

# After Dark Lounge

at idle rogue (72, 52, 2488)

CONTACT: Meegan Danitz  
[meegan.danitz@gmail.com](mailto:meegan.danitz@gmail.com)  
[Facebook.com/rhispoem](http://Facebook.com/rhispoem)

# MOONREZZER



INVITATION  
GRAND OPENING  
MAY 7, 1.01 PM  
LEA14

**LEA**  
LINDEN  
ENDOWMENT  
for the ARTS

## MOONREZZER AND THE SOULREZZER ON THE MOON

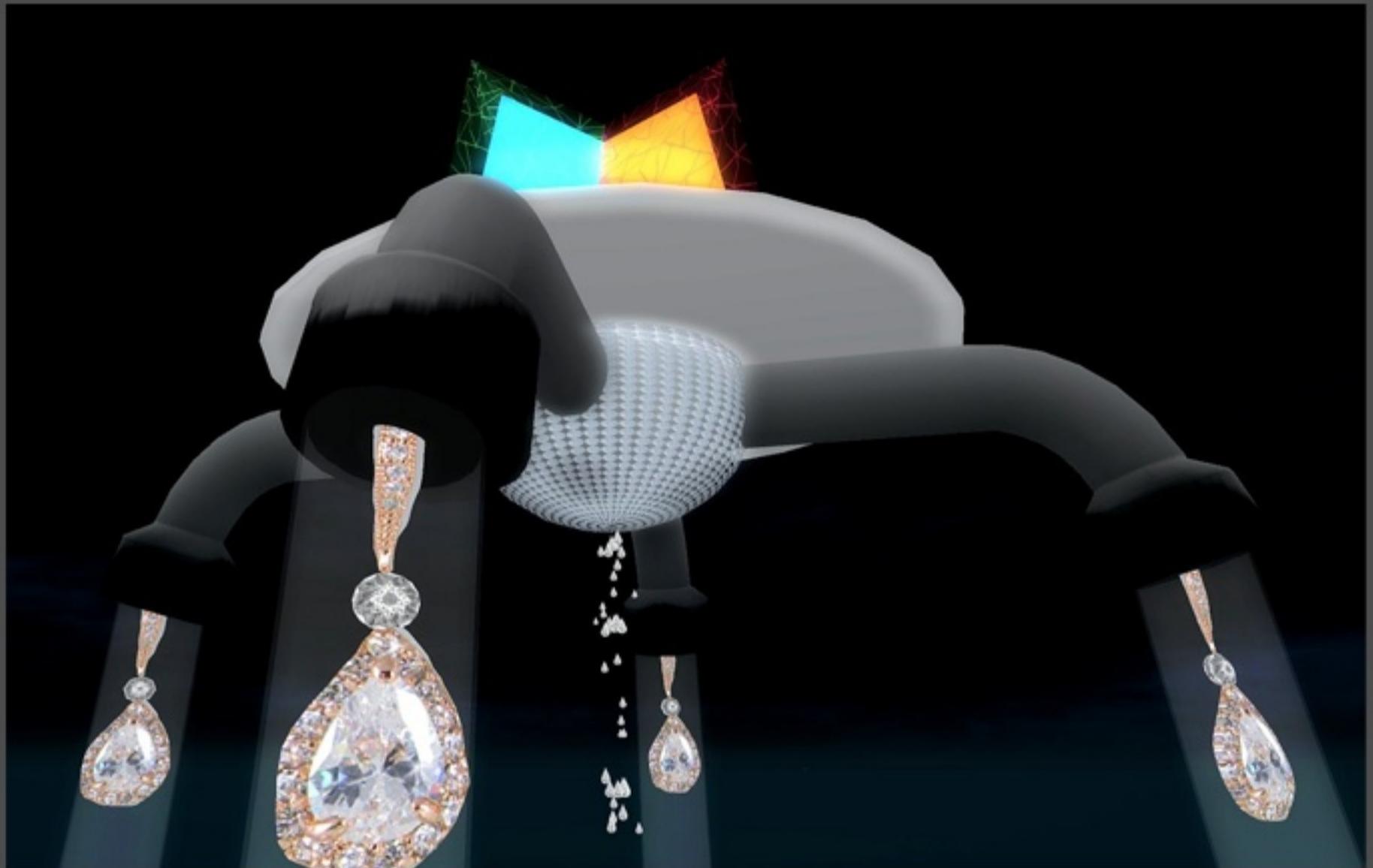
Face The Truth about the Moon:  
There is life on it. Don't believe the  
Simpsons. Rewrite history on May 7th,  
2015, 1.01 PM SLT, LEA14.

SIM LEA14 entrance closes at 1.00 PM.  
You are kindly asked to wait at the  
public viewing area LEA16 'Translucent'  
for an invite to enter as a late arriver  
after the Prelude.

Read in [rezmagazine.com](http://rezmagazine.com) about the  
project, the artworks presented and the  
featured artists.

**PRELUDE ON THE STAGE:**  
‘The Invisible Artist’ Robin Banksy.  
**LIVE MUSIC:** DD – DeceptionsDigital.  
**LIGHT SHOW:** Mario2 Helstein.

**ART BLUE**  
Giovanna Cerise [Blue Moon]  
Artefice Maximus [Main Builder]



Misprint Thursday

Gracie Kendal

# LEA Artists/ Times Two

Text and Photography by  
Hitomi Tamatzui

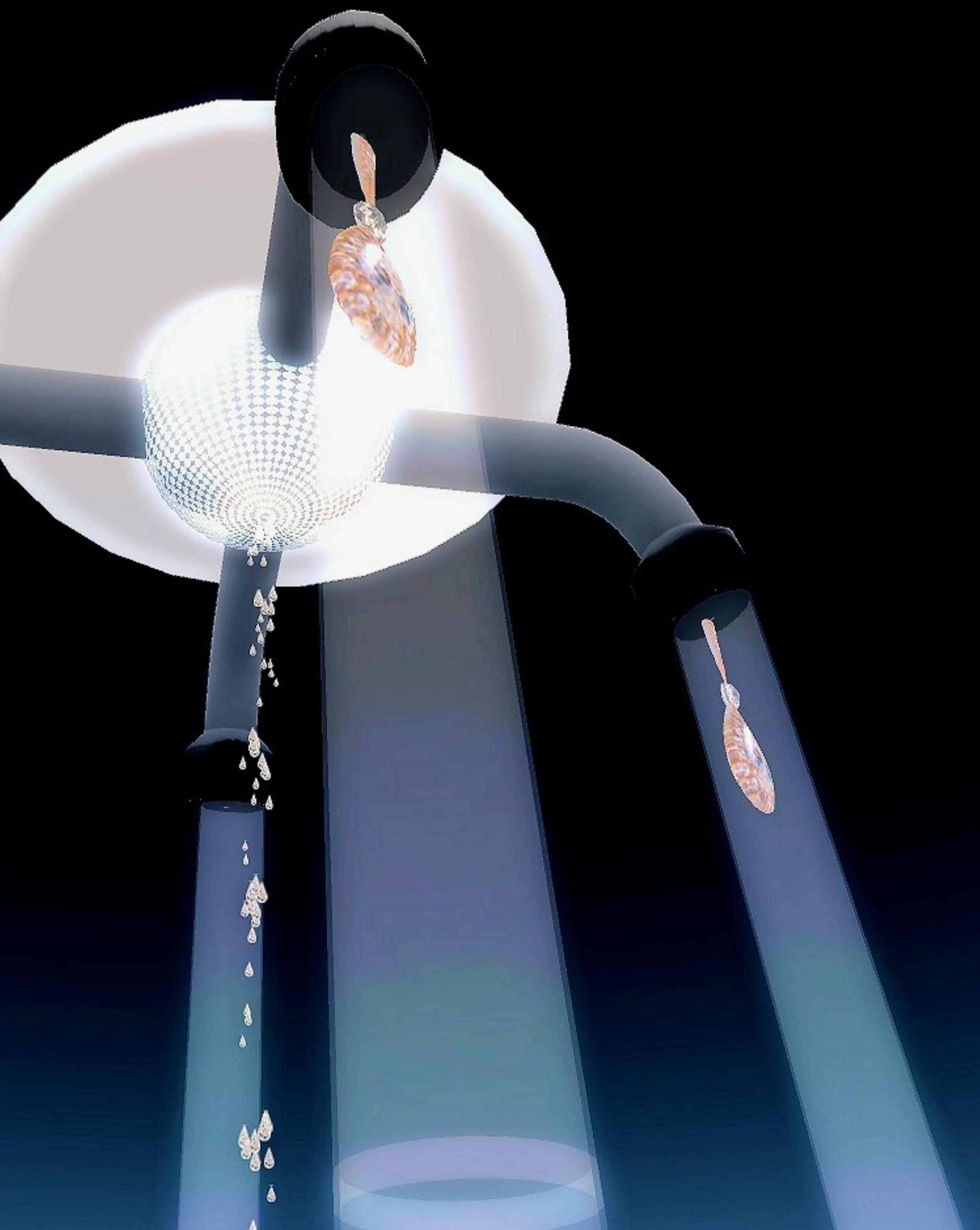


**M**isprint Thursday, the creative artist behind *Amplituhedron* located at Linden Endowment for the Arts sim 25, has been in Second Life around seven and one-half years and has worked with everyone from Bryn Oh to, well, whomever is in art in SL. This is her third LEA build. She has been in the Caerleon collective with Bryn Oh and was part of her cubes at LEA and among other things, curated AM Radio. Her collection of work consists of shows at the University of Western Australia art exhibit, including *Transcending the Bomb*, UWA – Freedom Project, *Takatsubo – What Makes Us Human*, UWA Winthrop – Paranormal Frottage, and UWA Winthrop – Digital Glove.

*Amplituhedron* is a combination of seven areas within the sim. She describes it as “a metaphor for curiosity of the unknown. My build is based on a few intertwined ideas: gem-based game ideas, some of the ideas presented in this article <https://www.quantamagazine.org/20130917-a-jewel-at-the-heart-of-quantum-physics/> , as well as an interpretation of experiences in Second Life.

The viewing platform is the place where my “virtual amplituhedron” lives. It is from there that this jewel-like rain comes down. It is this very curiosity which feeds our desire to create, share, build, grow and change, particu-



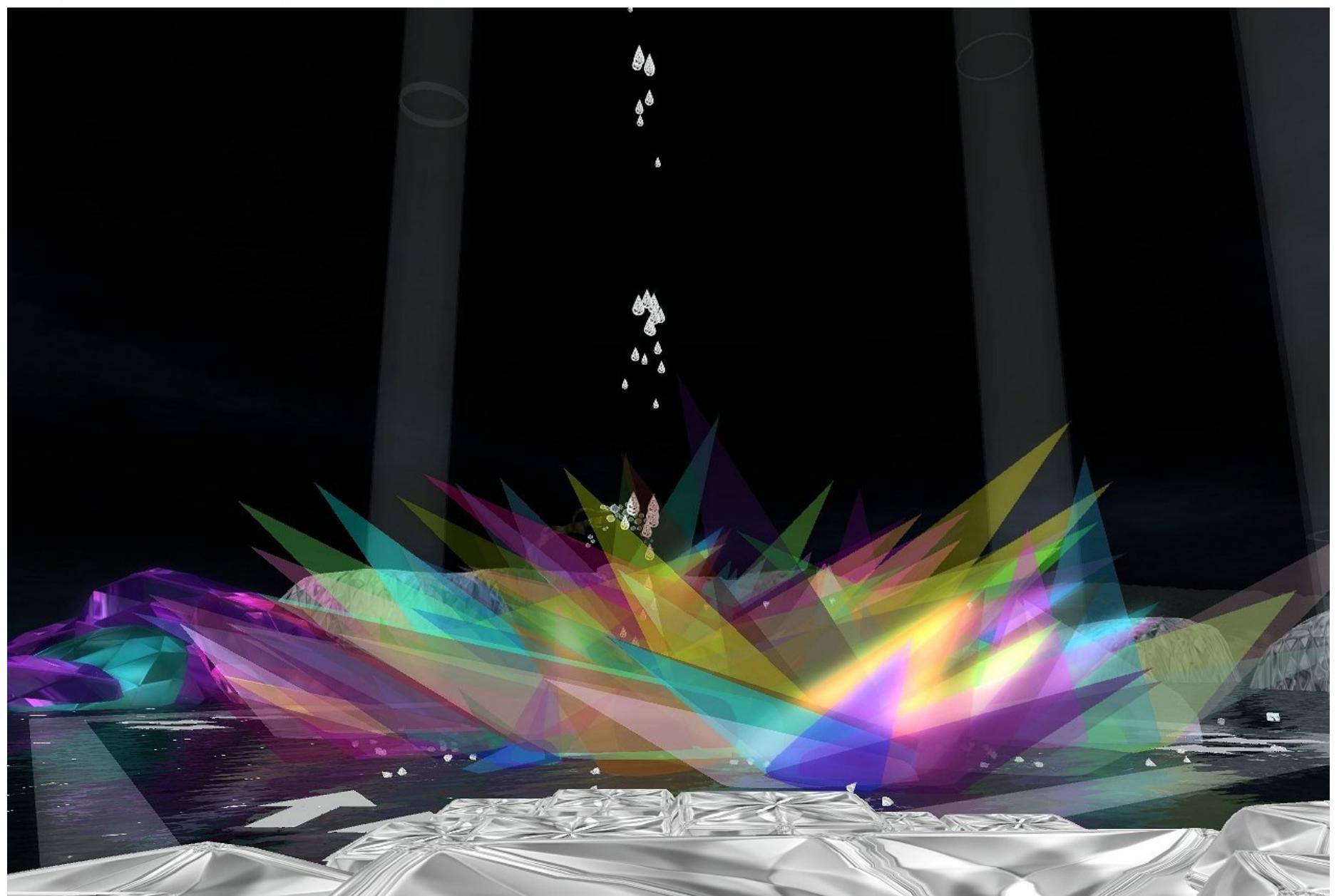


larly as artists. The build is not meant to express the theory of the amp-lituhedron in exact ways, but as a more poetic expression of this thought.”

I was struck by the uniqueness of the idea of gems falling from faucets. The diamonds and colors are striking. The sound is crisp and distinct. Misprint told me “the snow was melting off the roof of my car as I was parked, and the droplets were so mesmerizing, that the sun melting was really enjoyable and gave a sense of hope! It was so beautiful and I got the angle just so, to make it flicker over the sun like a signal. It felt really nice to capture that little moment and, somehow to me, that plays into the narrative here about what energizes, what powers things, and also maybe a little magic?”

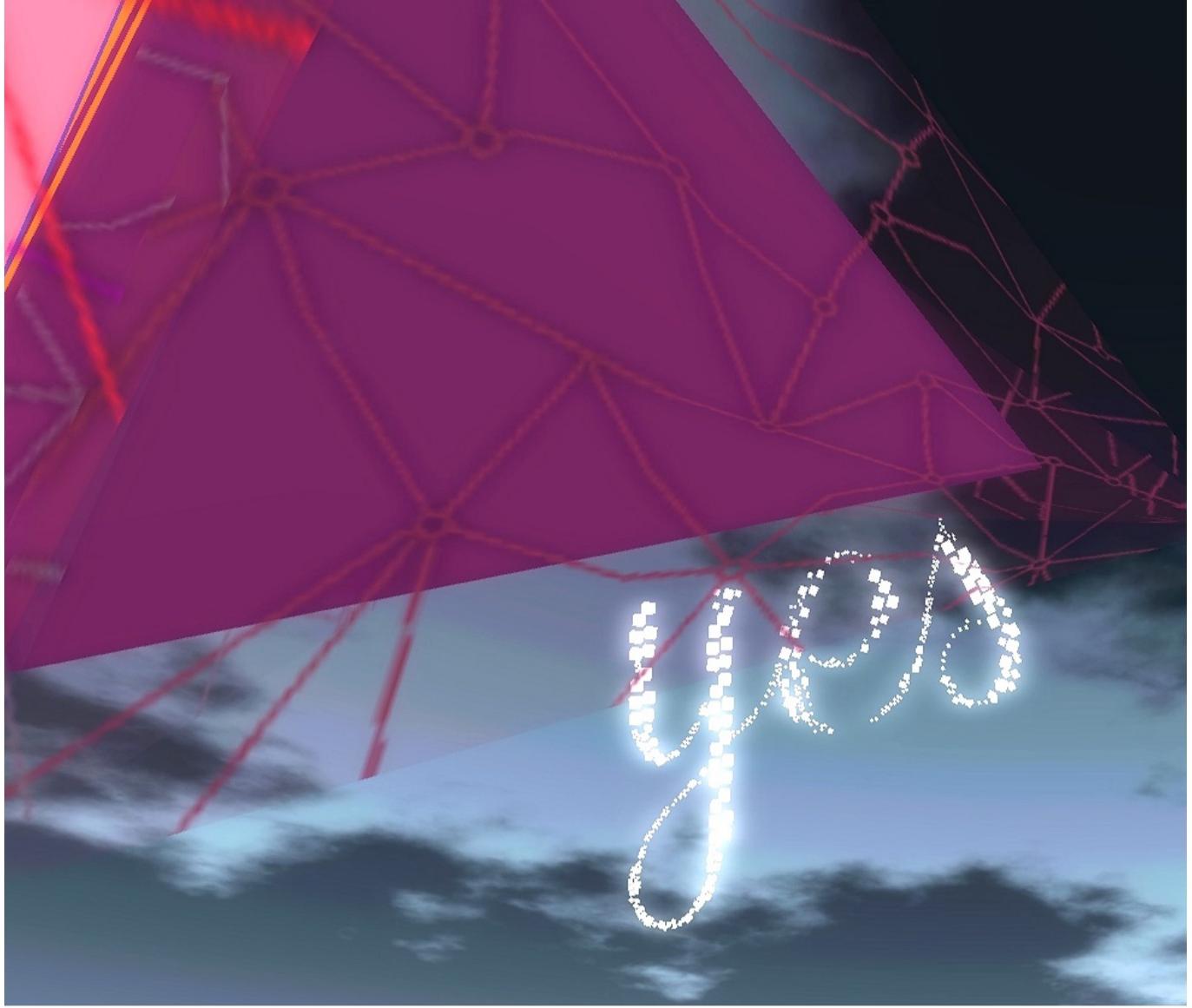


Part of the idea for this build came to Misprint from different video games. In addition, there is a giant champagne bottle. Misprint said that it was a “Kim Kardashian spoof pose and gift.” She



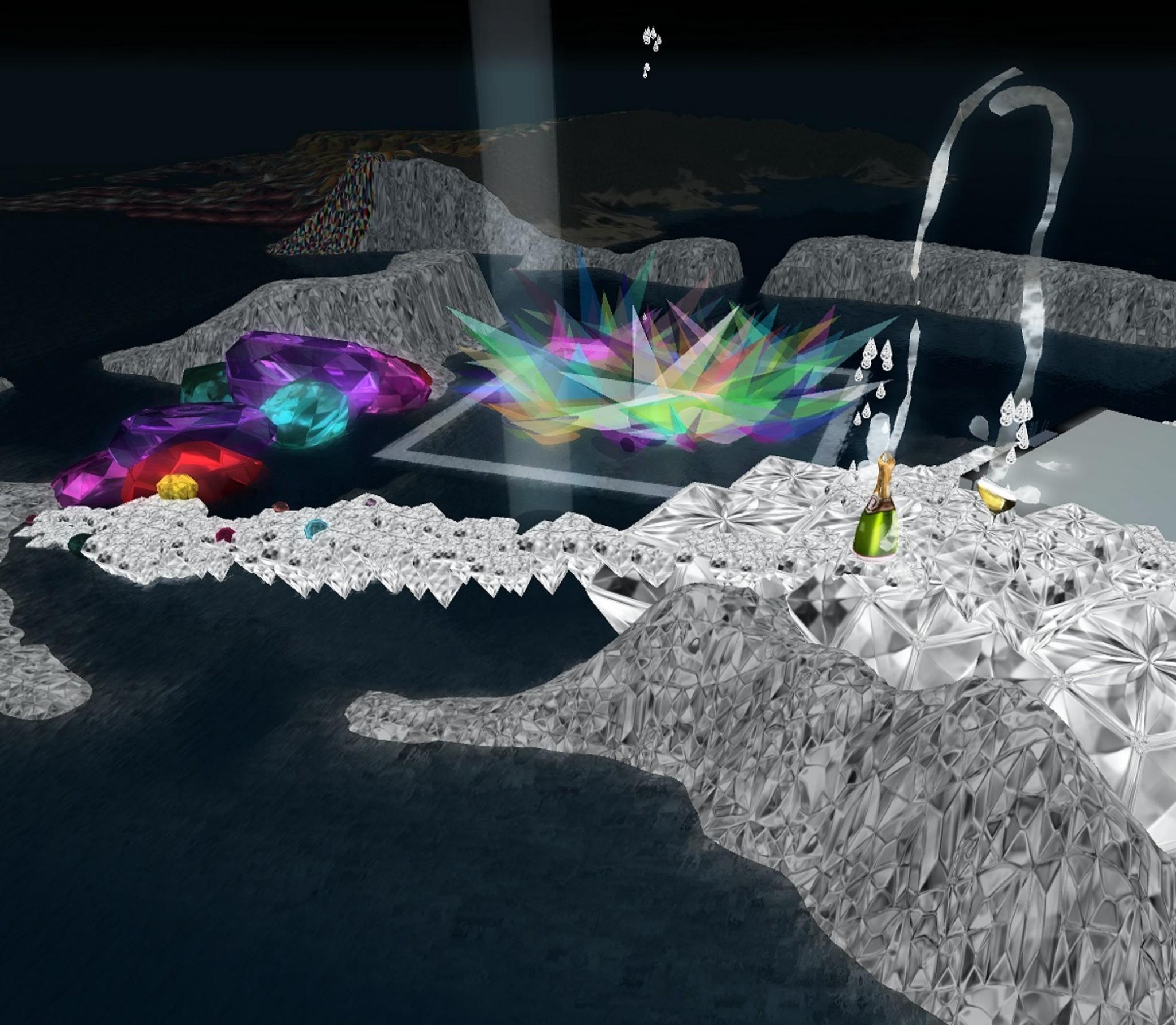
describes how the color and flashes of light make it “perhaps a little parody of the SL club scene.”

The gems themselves are her first attempts at using Mesh as a sculpturing tool. To Misprint, Second Life is as much an artist’s tool as traditional brushes and recording devices. She told me “creating art in Second Life represents the same creative process I experience with other traditional tools. I don’t see myself strictly as a virtual artist, I am an artist. I use Second Life as an extension of my studio to create images, scenes and stories; to merge media and perform. Art in Second Life can be screened like cinematography, or on other digital screens or devices. Once the work is viewed outside of Second Life in a broader scope, it ceases being strictly virtual in my opinion. I consider Second Life a flexible and rich tool to express many ideas and concepts, and that expression is real. Having said that, I also paint, compose songs, write lyrics and collaborate, as well as create art film media. In Second Life, I can weave many of these expressions together in fresh ways.”



The viewing platform at the top of the faucets adds media to the build as the center of the sim. “The diamond drips begin here above us in the amplituhedron dome, and in the direction I am facing,” she tells me. “Up in the sky, are cubes and media play on them. It should be illuminated blue with the raindrop media that is a looped video art piece I made as I was working on this.” “I also like to use sound art,” she tells me, “and music. This medium is very adaptable to all kinds of mixing of techniques - it’s quite under-used in many ways.”

One can move to the seven areas via teleport. Curiously, there is a building that represents the typical shopping store in the sim. She told me, “One of the locations is a building that looks like a store. Inside the store are jewel



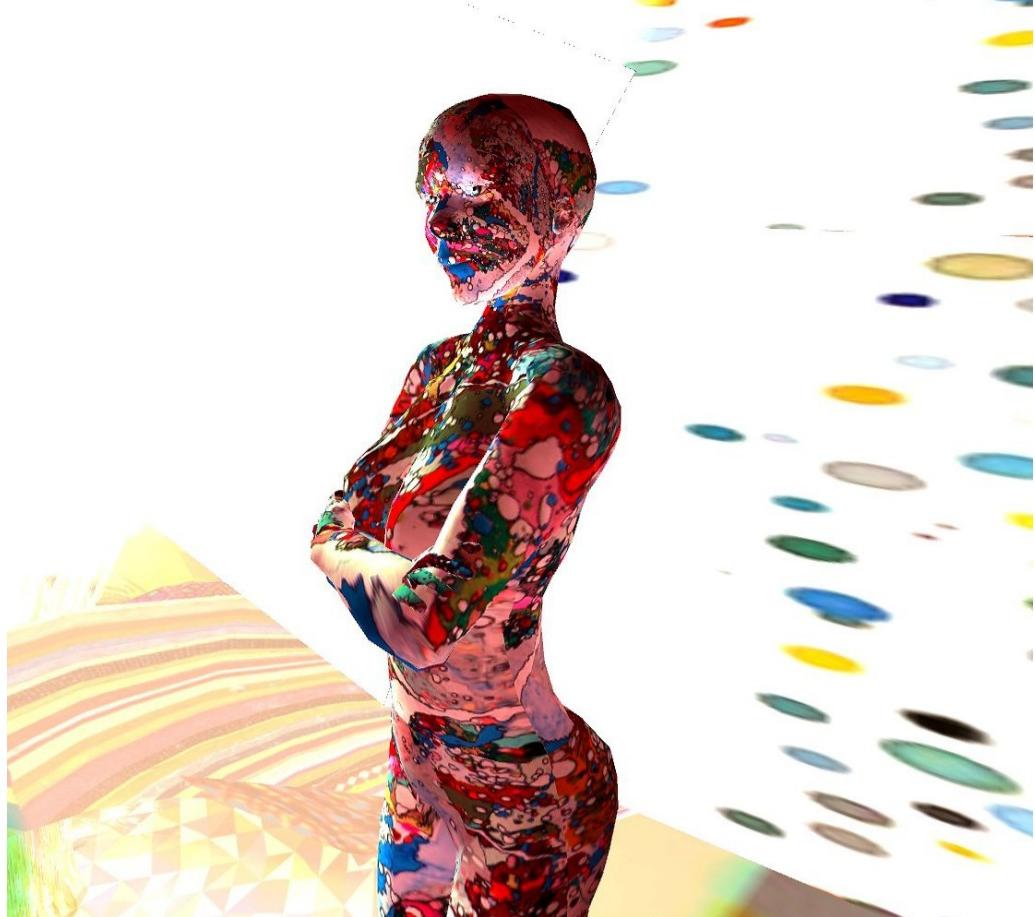
and mesh creations. It looks like they could be for sale, but they are not. When one plays media there - you can see a video over certain surfaces. It is one environment that challenges the notion of how we experience virtual spaces in such a commercialized way. I wanted a clean space to showcase some of the building elements that contributed to the ideas of the build. It's a pretend store, disguised as a pretend art

gallery, disguised as a store."

"A big part of Second Life is shopping. I admit it is fun. But my idea is to encourage people to create more for the enjoyment of expression or communicating ideas." Inside the building, instead of buying gems you get videos.

///...///

Gracie Kendal has built sculptures and many different art forms in the past, and has now taken on a new project located at the Linden Endowment for the Art sim 22. Kendal is an accomplished artist, and uses many different art forms to express her creations. She describes herself as an Artist, publicist, influencer, body acceptance advocate, and eternal optimist navigating the Universe in a wibbly-wobbly, timey-wimey sort of way. “A friend said that as an artist, you have to use whatever tools you have available to communicate your idea. As an artist, I first started painting, thinking that was my outlet. Then I found Second Life, which allowed me to expand my toolbox of expression,” she said.



placed along a tall winding upward walkway. “This was an installation that the avatar could float through for hours on end in blissful meditation. Rather than floating though, I am sticking with the rules that there is a no fly zone and Avatars have to walk through it,” she says of her work. It is a re-creation of a previous installation by the same name. You can see the original installation in a video that Fuschia Nightfire created at [http://youtu.be/\\_2NQ69A4DQM](http://youtu.be/_2NQ69A4DQM). The work is astoundingly colorful and bright. Starting at the bottom or top doesn’t matter as one walks the pathway, and you are immersed in color either way.

Kendal tells me, “I am actually very interested in blurring the line between the virtual and the physical worlds. I love using Second Life as that tool, as a medium in real life. I don’t see a distinction. The work I create in Second Life I imagine bringing into the real





whether as their avatar or through their computer screen.”

Her work uses much of the free objects available in SL that are “painted” and placed along a tall winding upward walkway. “This was an installation that the avatar could float through for hours on end in blissful meditation. Rather than floating though, I am sticking with the rules that there is a no fly zone and Avatars have to walk through it,” she says of her work. It is a re-creation of a previous installation by the same name. You can see the original installation in a video that Fuschia Nightfire created at [http://youtu.be/\\_2NQ69A4DQM](http://youtu.be/_2NQ69A4DQM).

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Kendal tells me, “I am actually very interested in blurring the line between the virtual and the physical worlds. I love using Second Life as that tool, as a medium in real life. I don’t see a distinction. The work I create in Second Life I imagine bringing into the real world. One day I will create a gallery size, floor to ceiling installation of the *Ce N'est Pas Une Peinture* installation using projectors and mirrors.”

Her most recent real life work is called





A *Comfortable Skin* which shows many different colored avatars in many sizes, shapes and includes original skins, which she demonstrated when she posed for her portrait for this article. A view of her work and her blog can be found at <http://www.kristineschomaker.net/>.

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# The Trials and ' of a Performer In Parallel



# Tribulations of a Young Arts Producer in Parallel Universes



by Cassie Parker

**M**y experience in the arts in Second Life began only four months ago when I attended my first “live” burlesque performance. For most, it would have been just another fun outing in Second Life – sitting with friends, watching a troupe of mostly women gyrating on stage ... a novelty to be enjoyed occasionally, time permitting. But as a producer of performance art in real life, what I saw and what I experienced immediately had deeper meaning.

I had been invited to a different club a month or more before, but had put it off for one reason or another, mostly because I spend so much time in the theatre, that the thought of a relaxing evening in Second Life usually meant intimate time alone with a very close friend. But as I sat in the theatre that evening, I was reminded why I do what I do for a living, and why I’m so fortunate to be able to do it. Before long, the magic that has been my real life for decades swept over me like a tidal wave, and I was transported to another place, another time, and surrounded by performers ... artists ... expressing themselves passionately through movement and motion.

Passion... the key to great art. The key to life. At once both exhilarating and intoxicating.

For me, the theatre is a temple. I go to the theatre to be challenged. I attend

live performance to be reminded of the human condition. I expect to be challenged. I want to think about things I've never thought about before. I want to think about things in a different way than I've thought about all of my life. I want to leave the theatre different in some way than when I walked in. I'd rather see a failed attempt at something bold, than a perfectly executed "safe" performance. I have, on occasion, left the theatre saying, "I hated that, but ... I'm sure glad they did it."

As I began to look around the room and take stock of the people in the audience, I found myself thinking some of the same questions that continually plague me as an arts producer in real life.

- *Why do these people come here?*
- *Why don't more people come here?*
- *Will this audience be intellectually and spiritually engaged or will they settle for being just entertained?*
- *Will they appreciate the layers of nuance in the performance? (There are ALWAYS more layers, given enough time to add them).*
- *Will they understand what the artists are trying to convey?*
- *Is there a way to monetize this so that the performers have a true sense of the value they provide to the community at large?*

As in the real life arts world, there are

hundreds of answers to those six questions and hundreds more to the countless questions that invariably follow as I try to interpret art in my life.

I was, for years, a performer myself. Before settling into producing, I traveled the country as an itinerant artist. Those years on stage made me a good judge of talent and honesty on stage. In my job, I audition hundreds of artists a year, in cities from coast to coast. Casting is perhaps my strong suit, and I can spot an artist with true passion in a heartbeat. (Note: there's a

emcee valiantly filling time between acts with a script of clever (or not-so-clever) comments about the dancers, the club, the audience or whatever may come to mind. True to form, the dances often include nudity. As a producer of evening-long conceptualized works in real life, I find the form itself challenging. At best, individual acts are compact and concise short stories that give insight into an artist's soul and leave the audience hungering for more. At worst, they resemble a 70s discotheque gone terribly awry.

## I remember thinking for the first time that what was going on around me may indeed be a precursor of what art might look like at the end of the 21st century.

big difference between a moment and a heartbeat, just as there's a world of difference between memorizing a poem and learning it by heart.)

As the show began, I settled into my seat and watched as a cavalcade of dancers galloped across the stage. Dance in Second Life (or at least the dance that I've seen to date) is mostly presented in the form of burlesque – a variety show consisting of several short acts with an

I had been invited to the evening's performance by a dancer, Cyllene (Chrissy Rhiano), who was scheduled to perform near the end of the show. I had met Chrissy several times at a dance club that I frequent. She was always rather quiet and demure, but friendly. She had learned of my work in the arts and, following a few short conversations, I had learned of her involvement in Second Life burlesque, but there was no indication in our early conversa-



tions of the high level of her artistic accomplishment. In the moments ahead, all of that was about to change, and so was my life.

As the curtain opened on Chrissy's set, I had a strange sense as if the barrier between Second Life and real life was slowly evaporating into thin air, much like that mythical Scottish town Brighadoon that magically appears only one day every hundred years. I remember thinking for the first time that what was going on around me may indeed be a precursor of what art might look like at the end of the 21st century.

I'm not really a "futuristic" kind of person. It's true that a good deal of my time in the arts is spent thinking about

"what might be," but other than artistic vision, I'm deeply rooted in the present, trying my best to squeeze every ounce of life out of the moment at hand. While I do look forward to exciting projects ahead, I've never really stopped to think about what the arts might look like, even a hundred years from now.

Several things stood out about Chrissy's performance as it unfolded. The sets were outstanding – rivaling anything one might see in the theatre, or on any sim in Second Life. The dance itself told a complete story. It had moments of tenderness, moments of carefree abandon, and moments of great personal introspection. Above all, the characters in the scene ... in the dance

... appeared to come to life before my eyes. The movements and the “steps” in the dance were perfectly timed with the music, giving it a sense of beauty and grace that had been lacking in the previous numbers.

As I glanced around the room and monitored local chat, I noticed I wasn’t the only one captivated by what was happening on stage. In an era where live performance continues to lose audiences to technology (to those that prefer an evening at home on our iPads to an evening in the theatre), I began to marvel that people were actually sitting in front of their computer screens experiencing something akin to “live” performance.

The show soon ended and the cast and audience convened on an adjacent dance floor where everyone continued to dance the night away. Chrissy’s performance continued to stay with me throughout the evening and on into the

and the obvious connection Chrissy had made with individual audience members in the theatre. I mused that this might be the future of art in our everyday lives, and I remembered the current trend of lagging ticket sales at box offices around the country and around the world.

I began to wonder if the arts in Second Life had the same issues and struggles as the arts in real life. Are there “best practices” in the real world that might be transferred into a virtual world? Are there lessons to be learned in the Real World that may, as of now, only exist in a virtual world? After a lifetime of interpreting data from audiences in the Real World, I had a strong hunch that I might actually come to a better understanding of how audiences and performers interface by studying their relationship in a virtual world unencumbered by societal hierarchy.

**...it's about expressing ideas that are too big for words -- ideas and emotions that can only be expressed, in this case, by dance.**

next day. I found myself sitting at my desk at work thinking back on the performance the night before – remembering the audience, the performers,

My curiosity led me to conversations with the few people that I knew to be involved in the Second Life dance world. I spoke often to a producer that

I knew and began a series of daily conversations with Chrissy that quickly grew into a deep friendship.

As I began to speak with producers and observe the events and behaviors that occurred in their venues, I saw a marked difference between the attitudes of producers in the non-profit sector of the real world and producers in Second Life.

First, most producers of dance in Second Life produce burlesque because their partner is a dancer. Often, they don't have an understanding of or a passion for the art form themselves. In the real world, producers in the non-profit sector have to raise a lot of money. If they don't have a burning passion for their art form, they are seldom successful at raising money and keeping the doors open. I'm not saying it's wrong to be in love with your "star performer." Indeed, it might often happen in the real world, but a producer must first and foremost have a passion for art. They must understand that it's about expressing ideas that are too big for words - - ideas and emotions that can only be expressed, in this case, by dance.

Those beginning conversations and observations were, at times, extremely troubling to me. One conversation in particular still troubles me whenever I think of it:

*Cassie: You must be pleased with the weekend.*

*Producer: Why?*

*Cassie: Well, it was quite a success. At least it seemed that way.*

*Producer: Just a normal [day] at [the club].*

*Cassie: In my field of entertainment, there's no such beast as a normal day of performances.*

*Producer: We have held this show for almost [X] years now ... pretty much routine now.*

*Cassie: Hmmmm.*

*Producer: I'm sure SL and RL [are] pretty different when it comes to that.*

*Cassie: Guess so.*

*Producer: Kind [of] like a club. Build it. They will come. Unless you're just an ass.*

*Cassie: Smiles and nods*

*Cassie: Well, then I'm glad things have settled back into the routine.*

*Cassie: Smiles*

*Producer: Me too.*

*Producer: Just different viewpoints is all.*

*Cassie: Yes, indeed.*

I know this attitude is not shared by all producers in Second Life, but the thought of someone's art as being a part of something that is routine is incomprehensible to me. And while people may indeed grace your door if you open a new club or performance space, I can assure you its continued success relies heavily on careful stewardship of

people's gifts of time, talent and money.

As I dug deeper and attended more and more performances, I began to learn that most of the dancers in Second Life burlesque have significant dance experience in real life. I also discovered artists are typically underappreciated, undervalued and even exploited. Tips are often unevenly distributed, or not distributed at all. The concept of providing artists with a safe environment for their art, or nurturing an individual artist is virtually nonexistent in Second Life.

I admit these issues exist in the arts in both worlds. Success in the field requires a delicate balancing act where the business and artistic sectors of the industry perfectly complement one another, and the ultimate goal is to build a community where all stakeholders are totally committed to the success of each individual performer, as well as to the enterprise.

Community ... that's what we're all after isn't it? Sharing important moments



with others in a communal setting, and being a part of something bigger than ourselves.

I think there's great hope for cross-pollination in the two arts worlds, and I grow more interested in exploring the possibility of producing in Second Life every day. I'm certain that I can learn new lessons that might be transformative to my work in real life, and I think I can bring some things to Second Life



which, to me at least, seem to be lacking.

As I consider building a theatre and assembling a troupe of world-class performers, I'm not sure of where this may lead me, but I have faith and confidence that the journey will be fruitful – both for me and for the world of art.

I often think of the importance of art in my life and the ideals that drew me to performance in the first place. Those same ideals will keep me working until the end of my days. I remember why people perform...

Artists never create works of art for the money. That, of course, doesn't mean we shouldn't support them in every way possible. Artists are driven by re-

lentless passion and a deep desire to express themselves. Their minds never stop. They're always observing what others find ordinary or mundane. They create so they can change people's lives in a meaningful way. They create because their hearts speak to them in words too big for pen and paper. They create because their passion cannot be contained or expressed through simple language. That's a marvelous world in which to live ... no matter where you own a home.

Stay tuned. This is sure to be a bumpy ride, but I think it's going to be a lot of fun...

• r — e — z •

# Kissing Booth

by Crap Mariner



I know a girl so ugly, when she sits in the kissing booth, guys pay to kiss the booth.  
But then, when that girl was replaced by a hot girl, the guys still kissed the booth.  
That's because the booth was made from bacon. And despite guys kissing that booth  
all day long, leaving their slobber and germs on the bacon, they kept coming.  
The hot girl got offended by the attention the booth was getting,  
so she put on a bacon bikini.  
She collected a fortune that way. And ran off with it.  
Never hire hookers for charity fundraisers.

I slip away, my ruler fading, slipping, shading  
Deeply in unseen, The echoes of a cafe lost  
amidst a sultry, smoky sheen

... To where my Picasso dreams  
these haunting moods these years telescoping into  
Gently sighing walls, their light dancing these  
Pontilated Premises, Peering Palefully through  
Cubic women and languid animal dreams  
This broken clay blur that makes me edgeless

Seeping into this frame, removed from anchors  
maps and motion ... the tyranny of same

The airless, gasping, grasping spectacle of  
this vacuum of words made obsolete  
made indiscrete  
their shapes revolving, dissolving  
in color that defies rhyme  
ignores time

and makes its peace with  
the randomness of thought

I was taught  
This ought not be the case  
That magic had its secret past  
and mystery its place.

There are no reasons in this light  
I can sleep a sleep of almost and never quite  
... and still be happy in this second sight

But still I embrace this canvas sky  
these stars and moon  
these shapes that cry

... and only knowing  
That I'll leave far, far too soon

This  
... my Picasso in the Cloudy Afternoon

Picasso  
Cloudy Afternoon  
by Z

# casso in the oudy Afternoon

Zymony Guyot

image by chakathy

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